

12 John Barant Boeval

657

Engl Sheet vol 55

THE
STROLERS.
A
FARCE.

A

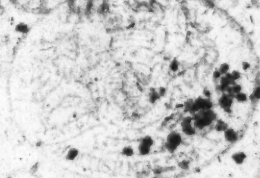
®

THE
STROERS

F. A. R. C. E.

Agents of the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane



MANAGER OF THE COMPANY OF COMPOSERS

John Hunter, Esq.

LONDON

Printed for T. Cadogan at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane

without Temple Bar 1717

[Price 6d]

THE
STROLERS. *K*

A
FARCE,

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane,

B. Y

His MAJESTY's Company of Comedians.

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

L O N D O N:

Printed for THO. CORBET at *Addison's Head*
without *Temple-Bar.* 1727.

[Price 6d.]

Dramatis Personae.

Mr. Garrison
Mr. Briggs
Mr. Child
Mr. Davis
Mr. Tabor
Mr. H. M.
Mr. Kimball



Count - 60

344

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Barnaby Bindover,
Captain Carbine,
Macabone,
Jeremy,
Fidelia,
Betty Kimbow,

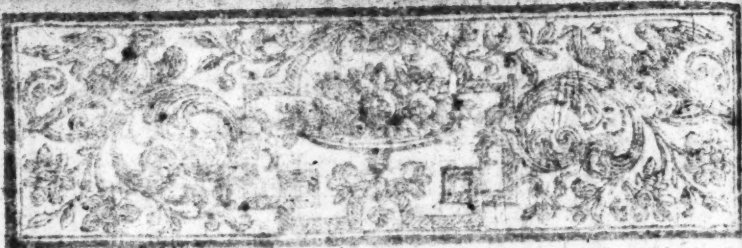
Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Bridgwater.
Mr. Miller.
Mr. Oates.
Mrs. Tenoe.
Mr. Harper.

Buskin,
Truncheon,
Spangle,
Mrs. Buskin,

} Strollers.

} Mr. Cibber junr.
} Mr. Shepard.
} Mr. Corey.
} Mrs. Willis.

Country-Gentlemen, Ladies, Strollers, &c.

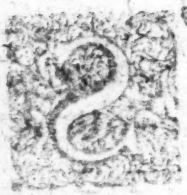


STROVER

SECTION I N N

James Strover and family

I have been very much afflicted of late
with a violent cold and cough, and
have been unable to do any business
for some time. I am now much
improved, but still feel weak and
suffer from a sore throat.



Kindly believe me to be
in the best of health and
able to do all my usual
business. I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
James Strover



THE STROLERS.

SCENE an INN.

Enter Carbine and Kimbow.

Carbine.

SDeath, was ever such a String of Disappointments! But Sir *Barnaby Bindover*'s Aversion to me, and that *Irish* Rascal's Treachery, must kill my Hopes! Poor *Fidelia*!

Kim. I verily believe there must be Conjurat[i]on in't, or things cou'd never fall out so cross.

Car. I believe, Dame, the Devil has nothing to do in't at all --- but that my good Genius has thrown all these Rubs in my way, to prevent my Destruction. I am a younger Brother, and *Fidelia*'s a Beggar if she marries without her Father's Con-

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sent -- therefore, upon cooler Thoughts, I see no Business that we two have together.

Kim. Nor I truly, Sir -- but I durst not take upon me to vife you -- Ah, noble Captain, I know two or three buxom Widows, not a hundred Miles off, that wou'd lick their Lips at such a proper fine Gentleman.

Car. But then, who can be poor, and possess so much Beauty ---- Let me indulge a little poetical Rapture --- Can't I fancy her Hair the Gold of *Pactolus*; her Teeth, Rows of Orient Pearl; each of those Eyes a Brilliant of more Value than the Great Duke of *Tuscany's* ---- Is not all *Ara-bia* in her Breath, and in her Embrace the *Indies*?

Kim. Why, lack a day, there 'tis now --- this same *Cupid* does so run in your Pericranium ---- Have not I Brandy and Beer enough in my Cellar --- Can't your Honour drink the little Whores-bird away?

Car. A pretty way truly of forcing a Trade. So, thou wou'dst throw me into a Calenture, to cure me of a Frenzy.

Enter Robin.

Rob. Mistress, they want to pay in the *Swan*, and a Pint of Purl in the *Dolphin*; and yonder's Mr.

The STROLERS.

Mr. Buskin the strolling Actor, with his Company, just lit out of their Waggon.

Kim. Living Sirs! What, my old Friends! I han't seen 'em these two Years--- Set on the Porridge Pot, and d'ye hear! bid the Maid make fix Tragedy Dumplins. *[Exit Rob.*

Car. Hold, *Betty*--- What are those Strolers that are come to your House?

Kim. Poor merry People, Sir, that live by their Wits, and go about the Country to and agen. Some of 'em have got such a knack of that Pottry, that they are always speaking in Varses, far above my Compacity. Your Honour will pardon me, I must go wait on 'em. *[Exit.*

Car. A Strolling Company! This may be of some Use to carry on my Design--- tho' such a train of Disappointments wou'd make any *Quixote* despair, but my self.

Enter Jeremy with a Letter.

Ha, honest *Jeremy*, what brings you hither? how does my Friend thy good Master?

Jer. I left him well, Sir, three Hours ago--- he has dispatch'd me to your Honour with his Service, and this Letter, an't please you.

Car. Ha! it must be matter of Importance, if he sent you Express hither----

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Dear Ned,

I am informed, that one Patrick Macahone, an Irish Man, who deserted from me with his Horse and Accoutrements, has been some time entertained as a Domestick by your Neighbour Sir Barnaby Bindover; he is a red-hair'd, well-set, middle-siz'd Fellow, about thirty, and has very much of the Brogue. If my Intelligence be true, in securing him you will oblige your sincere Friend and Servant,

Charles Plume.

How, my Friend Macahone a Deserter --- this is still better and better --- to have my Revenge of the Dog, will be some Satisfaction, tho' I get nothing else by it --- but who knows --- it may turn to my Advantage another way --- No Man has so great an Influence over the Knight as that Rascal. Well, Jeremy, I suppose you know partly the Contents of this Letter.

Jer. Something about a Deserter I heard the Colonel say --- who he suspects is a Servant at the great House just hard by.

Car. 'Tis even so, Jeremy -- and it may lie in thy Pow'r to do us both a great piece of Service. Wer't thou ever in Ireland?

Jer. Three Years, an't please your Honour.

Car. Thou hast the Brogue then a little sure?

[Exit

Enter

Jer

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Jer. As well as any Teague of 'em all, Sir, if that can do your Honour any Kindness.

Car. It may, *Jeremy*--- the greatest imaginable--- we must go a cunning way to work with this Rascal; his Master's a Man of Authority, has a Value for the Rogue, and will never deliver him, that's certain, for he hates our Cloth heartily; you must therefore go the House, enquire for the Knave, under the plausible Colour of being his Countryman--- he's a true half-witted Bog-trotter, and 'twill be a matter of no great Difficulty to draw him in hither to drink--- Ply him with Liquor, get out his whole History--- I will hear all from a Corner, and then secure him--- Run, fly, lose no time, honest *Jeremy*--- and depend upon a Return suitable to your Service.

Jer. I am at your Honour's Devotion, and will give a good Account of the Rogue, never fear, Sir; let me alone for playing my Part. [*Exit.*]

Car. I shall run thro' as many Labours, o' my Conscience, as *Hercules*--- to come at this Girl--- 'twill be hard if I should lose her at last--- May this be my *ne plus ultra*, I beseech *Venus*--- for I begin to grow heartily weary--- Ha! I see the Heroes moving this way--- blest me, what Figures! faith they need not open their Mouths, for their very Dress and Mien is a Farce--- I'll step aside and observe their Motions a little. [*Exit.*]

Enter

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Enter Buskin, Mrs. Buskin, Truncheon, Spangle.

Span. I tell you, Brother *Buskin*, we shall never be able to reach *St. Albans* to-night---- our Fore-Horse is quite founder'd.

Bus. Why then, Brother *Spangle*, we'll only go to *Dunstable*.

Span. Why then, so we had better--- yonder's poor *Mercury* will never keep pace with us else---- he had need have two Wings, I am sure---- for he has lost both his Heels.

Bus. His Shoes shall be repaired.

Span. Deep Roads and dark Nights are my Aversion--- and then too, these villainous Highwaymen have no more regard for Heroes and Princes, than for Graziers and Pedlars. Suppose they should make bold with our Exchequer, and Wardrobe, behind some convenient Hedge--- wou'd it not be a most doleful Catastrophe?

Bus. Vile Beggary, and Ruin would ensue.

Trun. Base Recreant, can'st thou have a Thought so poor,

When *Truncheon*, yaliant *Truncheon*, is thy Guard;
Whose single Arm has slain so many Thousands?
What Highwayman or bold Foot-pad shall dare
Approach our Cart, while I with loaded Blunderbus
Stand by, upon our eyeless Sorrel's Back?

Bus.

THE STROLLERS. 13

Bus. Who doubts thy Valour, most Heroick
Brother!

Of which so lately we have seen a Proof.
When thou didst break the sawcy Landlord's Head;
And sit so like a *Cæsar* in the Stocks.

But let me tell thee, where there lies at stake
Such vast Variety of pompous Rags,
Mantles and spangled Robes, and copper Crowns,
With *Bristol's* fairest Diamonds enrich'd;
To hazard all upon thy single Prowess,
Wou'd argue us too rash --- It must not be.

Our Brother *Spangle* has been lately in the Row-
dering Tub,
My Queen's with Child, and I have got the Gout.

Enter Carbine.

Car. Gentlemen, I am your humble Servant ---
Madam, your most obedient --- nay, *sans Cere-*
mony, or I vanish -- this is my Home --- I presume
by your Habits that you are Itinerant Players.

Span. Yes, Ubiquitarians, and please your Ho-
nour --- the only Performers in *England* --- that keep
up to the original Rules of the *Drama* --- as 'twas
instituted first by the mighty *Thespis* our Founder ---
Our Heroes, Sir, travel in Carts, eat in Carts,
sleep in Carts, and sometimes make their Exits out
of Carts.

Car.

Car. Your travelling Equipage is somewhat odd methinks, Gentlemen.

Span. You must know Sir, that Bitch Fortune gave us a proof of her Instability yesterday, by oversetting our Waggon; and so most of our Wearing Apparel being left with a Scowrer in a most filthy Pickle, we have been forc'd to make bold with some of our Theatrical Furniture.

Car. I conclude Sir, from that Majesty of Aspect, that you are some mighty Potentate.

Bus. Sir, you conclude right.
Crowns are as familiar to this awful Brow,
As Caps of Flannel. Each revolving Sun
Has seen me Vested with Imperial State.
And that rich Ore,
Of which the Vulgar so profanely make
Saucepans and Kettles, Candlesticks and Pots,
Is melted into Diadems for me.
What mighty Monarch sleeps there in his Urn,
That has not at some time reviv'd in me!
I have been *Montezuma*, *Aurenge-Zeb*,
Dread *Musey Moluch*, and Great *Mithridates*,
Philip of Spain, and *Pharamond of Gaul*;
And at this present, since you'd know my Titles,
Am styl'd Great *Herod*, of *Judea King*.

Car. I kiss the hem of your Majesty's Garment.

This Lady I presume then is ---- I wou'd kiss her
Hands,

The S T R O L E R S. 15

Hands, if I durst be so bold.

Buf. Touch her soft Lip, and welcome.

Car. But I don't see the Princess.

Buf. The Princess, Sir, by chance steps in the
Mire,

And dries her Stockings by the Kitchen Fire.

Car. You Sir, thou'd be some Son of *Mars*
by that Heroick Deportment.

Trun. A braver Soldier treads not Leathern
Shoe.

I have been *Alexander, Hector, Caesar,*
Godfrey of Bullaigh, and fam'd *Hannibal.*

Span. Ay, and *Jack Falstaff* too, Sir; 'tis his
Master-piece, I'll assure you.

Trun. The Giants and the Monsters I have
slain.

Span. Ay, and the Pigs and Turkeys thou hast
stoln.

Trun. Are more in Number than th' *Arabian*
Sands,

The Bards of *Grubstreet,* or *Duke Humphry's*
Guests.

This Basket-hilt protects wrong'd Innocence,
Orphans, distressed Maids, and injur'd Widows.

Span. And is of very great use to carry Milk in.

Enter

Enter Kimbow and Drawer.

Kim. Score that Quartern of Brandy in the Half-Moon, and be sure froth those Mugs as I bid you. Alackaday Mr. *Buskin*, I hope you will pardon this Rudeness --- I have been call'd away to by one Body or other, that I cou'd not welcome you and your Friends.

Bus. Why then sound all your Instruments of War,

For *Betty Kimbow* still breathes vital Air.

Car. Is it not something Astonishing to see this Familiarity between a Crown'd Head, and blue Apron?

Kim. Oons! why *Robin* you Son of a Bitch --- what, have the Gentlemen no Drink yet --- but now I think on't agen, Mr. *Buskin*, this Room is too cold --- I have a Fire an 'twere to Roast an Ox here within --- Come, I will show you the way, and warrant you as good Liquor, as ever was tipt over Tongue ---- here is choice I'll assure you ---- Brandy, Otober, Stout, Bottle and Pint, *Burson*, *Darby*, and *Nottingham*.

Bus. Why then dear *Bess*, Otober let it be, Crown'd with a Toast, and fit for thee, and me.

Car. A word with you, if you please, Sir.

[Exit.]
Span.

The STROLLERS 13

Span. With me! I am at your Service; pray, what is your pleasure?

Car. You look, Sir, like a Person that can give one a rational Answer ----- as for your Illustrious Allies there, the King and the Hero, what for the Majesty of one, and the Terror of the other, I have not the Boldness to ask 'em a Civil Question. Your purpose, I understand, is only to wait here, *En Passant*.

Span. Nothing more indeed Sir, we are transitory Princes.

Car. Cou'd not you prevail upon your Brother potentates now to oblige this Inn with a day or two's Residence?

Span. But where is the least Prospect of a tolerable Audience, noble Commander? Excepting your Self, and these honourable Gentlemen of the Foot, whom we must admit I suppose upon courtesy----- Is there any thing here that bears the face of a Gentleman? ----- It wou'd be profaning the *Buskin*, to tread in it for the Diversion of Peasants.

Car. Psha! you don't apprehend me ----- my design is, that you shall go and ask leave of Sir *Arnaby Bindover*, to perform in his Hall for the diversion of him and his Family this Evening ----- he grants your Request, and you will undertake to oblige me, I have twenty of these Singing Boys here at your Service.

Span.

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Span. Twenty Guineas! they are twenty Tropes of *Ciceronian Rhetorick*. Sir, I'll engage for the Performance, with the Provifo the Knight gives his Consent. --- Is he a Man to be prevail'd upon?

Car. Yes, like most Fools in Office, with a little obsequious Flattery --- then tell him he shall be diverted Gratis, which will be an irresistible Argument.

Spang. Sir, if I don't bring it about, may I be degraded into a Candle-Snuffer. --- Your Honour has, I suppose, a particular View in this Enterprize --- but that, Sir, your obedient Servants have nothing to do with --- now, what Play wou'd you have? that's the Quere.

Car. Hold, let me consider.

Span. What think you of *Jeptha's rash Vow*, or the History of King *David*, with the merry Humours of *Goliath*, translated out of High Dutch?

Car. No, no, Mr. *Spangle*, I remember our *Worcester*, about a Twelve-Month ago, I saw a very pretty Tragedy of one *Act*, perform'd, if I mistake not, by this Identical Company, to the Admiration of all the Spectators.

Span. You mean the Tale of *Andromeda*, Sir, I presume.

Car. The very same; I think I have the Part of *Perseus* pretty fresh in my Memory, and will

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it my self. Now do you try to manage it so,
that Sir Barnaby may let his Daughter perform
out of *Andromeda* ---- and you shall give the
lady a private hint of the matter, if it's any ways
possible!

Span. It shall be done Sir, in *Verbo Histrionis* ----
but you must dispense with all the Machinery ----
our Sea has lost six of its Waves, by the Care-
lessness of a Rogue of a Chamberlain, who set it
on Fire ---- and our Planets are Uncomatible at
the bottom of our Waggon --- among Fitches of
bacon, and *Glostershire* Cheeses ---- we have a
Mustard Bowl indeed to make Thunder, and our
Jesters can find us Rosin for Lightning.

Car. You have a *Pegasus*?

Span. Yes, we have Sir, but more like the
Trojan Horse than *Apollo's*, for a Regiment of
High *Black Rats* have eat a Hole thro' his Belly.

Car. No matter; why mayn't a pair of Jack
boots represent Riding, Mr. *Spangle*, as well as a
sword and Scarlet Ribbons does fighting? ---- So
if *Honest Bays* says, you know ---- have you ever a
Monster?

Span. We have a Second-hand Dragon, that
has a Wing and two Claws in an Opera last
Winter ---- but we'll furbish him up, never fear
The rest of the play I think I have the
best of in my memory, and will
leave

Enter Kimbow.

Kim. Captain, Captain, wou'd your Honour be pleas'd but to step into next Room for a Moment, that Rogue *Macahone* is just coming hither along with the Colonel's Man. I wou'd give a my Rings for a knock at his Pate.

Car. Keep your temper old Fool, I have a trick to play him, that's worth twenty Beatings. — Mr. *Spangle*, don't lose a Moment, employ your Rhetorick.

Span. Courage ----- never fear Sir, I have a soft Tongue, and have but soft Heads to deal with.

Car. Come, come away, *Bess*. — I must play him at least in fight.

Enter Jeremy, Macahone, Drawer.

Jer. Well said, will you be after drinking good Countryman?

Mac. Tree Quarterns of Usquebaugh Joy, bring it in a half-pint Pot — fat think you, all one Jug — go, run you little Tref you — shall be a great while drinking out this half Crown in plain dry Drink.

Jer. And how far do you make it to London Shitty from this Place, Joy?

The S T R O L E R S. 21

Mac. By my Shoul now, my dear, if it were well made, 'tis a good Forty Mile ---- but from London to this plaash agen, it is not so far a deal.

Enter Boy, and fills.

Are you Brewing the Usquebaugh you little rogue, that makes you be such a long while? That a foolish Bribble Brabble Glass is here, it won't hold a Bumper.

Jer. Come, here is your Inclination now Joy--- have what was the first Preferment that was upon to do in England?

[Mac.] By my Shoul I was Gentleman of de use to a great Inn at *Canterbury*, and then they *[Ex.]* me for a Volunteer, to make me a brave Cooper Man, and just as we were going to put fight upon the Rebels, my Horse run away with me, and I brought the first News of the tel, before it was begun.

Jer. Don't stand preaching over your Jug --- how came you here, Joy?

Mac. Why after I had sold my Horse, I den I meet upon de Road with this very good Gentleman; for we were both upon our Jour the very same way Joy, and I took a fancy him fait, and he to me, and so we bolt him one

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one another; and I discover'd a Plot to carry off
his own Daughter, by a deceit of a Captain here
Joy, and am very much in his Urship's good
Graces upon't.

Enter Carbine, and Soldiers.

Car. Mr. Macabene, your Servant --- a ple-
sant Gentleman truly. Come, where are
Handouffs?

Mac. What is the meaning of all this Joy?

Jer. Bit, by Saint Patrick, that's all, home
Countryman.

Car. This Intrusion's a little uncivil --- but
only came to introduce these Gentlemen here
your better Acquaintance.

Mac. Ub bub bee, I know no Business
have with me, at all --- what is it, I pray you?

Car. To secure you for a Defector --- in order
to be remov'd as your Colonel shall direct,
try'd for your Life, Sir. We have your own Con-
fession, and I think other good Evidence.

Mac. By St. Patrick, and I did confess nothing
and you have no Evidence here, but this Gentle-
man, and he will not be after hanging his Con-
tryman.

Jer. Faith but I will, my dear Friend.

The STROLEERS. 23

Mac. Arra! Is not the Brogue upon your Tongue Joy--but, by my Shoul, it is upon your Face tho'--- Arrah fait I will not be put in Prison, Joy, for all this--for my Master has his Majesty's Commission of the Peace, and I am a privileg'd Parson.

Car. And I have his Majesty's Commission of War, and will secure you in spite of your Master's Teeth, you shall see.

Mac. And have you betray'd me then you *English* Dog you? I will swear Treason against you too Joy, and one Rope shall serve for us both.

Car. Faith Mr. *Macabone* you have plotted your self to the Gallows at last--- you have under'd me of a Wife, and I will help you to a halter.

Mac. Arra Captain, shall I have the Favour to at the Spaak upon your Honour's Worship one Moment?

Car. To speak with me, Fellow? Psha, this is only a trick to gain time: away with him.

Mac. Fait Captain, and I can make your Honour a graat Service, for St. *Patrick's* nown sake but hear me tree Words.

Car. Thou triflest.

Mac. In good fait, but I don't Joy--- send offe ribble rabble People away, and I'll tell you.

Car.

Car. It works beyond Expectation. [*Aside,*

Well, for once I will give you the hearing ----

Clear the Room all of you. [*Exeunt.*

But if I find any playing of fast and loose, do you mark me, to Prison you go, Sir, that Instant ----
What have you to say, Sir?

Mac. In the first Place, noble Captain --- I beg your Honour twenty hundred thousand Pardons --- for discovering your Assassination --- with Madam *Fidelia*, and I will put you in a way to get Possession of her Parson by some Stratagem or other, if you promise not to hang me, dear Joy.

Car. Were there any depending upon thee, thou I can't answer it to the Service, I wou'd run the hazard of straining a Point --- and if you prove as good as your Word, engage you a Pardon ----

Mac. Why then, by St. *Patrick* 'tis true, Sir, or may I never eat a Potato agen ----

Enter Spangle.

Span. Noble Captain, I bring you joyful Tidings -- I have managed it so that Sir *Barnaby* mollify'd, and his Daughter acts *Andromeda*: as for our Company, it is at your Honour's Devotion.

Car. Nothing cou'd fall out more Apropos -- you have laid the greatest of Obligations upon me -- Hear now what I say, Mr. *Macabone*, I give you

you your Liberty on the Condition you do me all the Service you can --- Don't flatter your self with the Hopes that you shall get out of my Clutches by the Help of this Artifice -- for I will have you so narrowly watch'd, that it shall be as impossible for you to make your Escape, as for your Master to think of protecting you ---- Go therefore, I shall stand in need of some of your Assistance anon -- If I succeed, expect a Reward, if I miscarry, a Halter.

Mac. By my Shoul, Sir, trust me dis once, for as sure as I did run away with the King's Majesty's Horse, you shall carry off the Justice's Worship's nown Daughter; but I pray you, let both my two Hands be at Liberty that I may be able to walk up and down then.

Car. Come along, and they shall knock off your Irons.



B

SCENE

But, Most valiant Sir, we beg your further stay.



SCENE changes to a Hall in the *Ju-
stice's House.*

*Enter Sir Barnaby, Ladies, Gentlemen, Ser-
vants, &c. to see the Play.*

Sir Barnaby.

Ladies and Gentlemen, your Servant, come take
your Seats without Ceremony — the Play's just
going to begin — You may think as indifferently
as you please of the matter, but we have got a
Scene or two up I'll assure you — it will do your
Hearts good to see the little Huffy perform the
Princess *Dromedary*. Ha! I vow they are here upon
us already — Sit you down anyhow! — Silence —

[Trumpets.]

*Enter Buskin (as King Cepheus) Mrs. Buskin (as
Queen) Fidelia (as Andromeda) and Carbine as
Perseus, with a Patch on his Eye, Jack-boots on,
and a Bevery Coat.*

Ha! that's the Spark I suppose that they told me
had got the black Eye by boxing with a Tinker at
Ailesbury. — Silence.

Bus.

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Bas. Most valiant Sir, we beg your further Stay,
At this our Court of *Aethiopia*,
Where you have gain'd such Fame, and charin'd us
all

By your high Worth, and Feats Heroical.
We have not us'd you quite so ill, I trow,
Tho' you have kept your self *incognito*;
Nor shew'd so little Complaisance, I hope,
That you shou'd thus uncourtously elope,
Just when my Daughter's Wedding too is near,
En verité 'twould not be Cavalier.

Then pray pull off your Boots, and Beveroy,
For, gentle Knights, you shall not go *masqué*.

Ger. I must confess, great Sir, your Majesty,
Altho' a Stranger to my Quality,
Hath overwhelm'd me with Civility.

I have been feasted at your Royal Table,
Commanded all the Horses in your Stable,
Where'er I went, your Guards in Corps me fol-
low'd,

And your good Subjects toss'd their Caps and hol-
low'd.

But yet, great King, and Queen most debonaire,
And thou, O Princess so divinely fair,

This Hour I'm forc'd to bid you all farewell,
How loth, alas, no mortal Tongue can tell.

My Things are all pack'd up in my *Valise*,
My Horses wait, and I must post for Greece.

Fid. Altho' you have deny'd my Royal Sire,
 You'll yield, I hope, at least to my Desire.
 Sure, a young Princess cannot fear succeeding,
 With a fine Gentleman of your good Breeding.
 You can't refuse (since 'tis your Knightly Duty)
 To break one Lance in Honour of my Beauty.
 Nor must you go without a Wedding Favour,
 Of all our Courtiers none shall have a braver.
 Then too, besides Sir, if you must be jogging,
 Eat some Sack-poffet first, and throw the Stocking.

Car. O fairest Princess! Cause of all my Pain,
Andromeda should never sue in vain.
 But of your Nuptials tell not me alack,
 For 'tis like rubbing a gall'd Horse's Back.
 On you I doat, I own it on my Knees,
 In presence here of both your Majesties,
 And cannot brook to see this Form divine,
 Since Truth must out, in any Arms but mine.
 Therefore I go, lest Mischief shou'd ensue,
 And thus despairing take my last Adieu. [Exit]

Mrs. B. The Knight in Love?

Bus. And with *Andromeda*?

Why since 'tis so e'en let him go his way,
 The Girl's berroth'd; my Royal Word is past,
 To-morrow Morn, Prince *Phineus* has her fast.
 And tho' this Stranger valiant be, 'tis true,
 My Duck, we know not what he is, nor who.

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Fid. His Declaration has amaz'd me so,
I almost doubt if it's a Dream or no,
Oft have I seen his Eyes on mine intent,
But am so young I know not what it meant.
Oft I have heard him groan, and fetch a Sigh,
But cou'd not guess, alas, the Reason why.
Poor Man, I'm sorry for him heartily.

Enter Officer.

Off. I come, Sir, to acquaint your Majesty
That Neptune's Daughter, Great Cymodice,
Is with her Guard of Tryons at your Gate,
Landed in all her Oceanick State.

Bus. Ha! is it so, I must run out and meet
her.

Sweet-heart, be sure with all Respect you treat
her.

Run, beat to Arms. *[Exit Sound here.]*

Mrs. B. The Nymph Cymodice,
Princess of all our Æthiopian Sea.

I wonder, Child, in this tempestuous Weather,
What sudden Cause cou'd bring her Highness hither?

Fid. Look here she comes.

[Flourish of furr'd Trumpets.]

B 3

Enter

Enter Kimbow and Buskin, Servants with Baskets.

Kim. A Rumour having pierc'd my Ears from Land,

That this fair Lady's Nuptials were at hand,
I take, O Royal Sir, the Liberty,
Of coming to this great Solemnity—
And in those Baskets bring you for your Table,
Presents, I hope, that will be acceptable.
Cod, Sturgeon, Salmon, Turbots, Crabs and Oy-
sters,

More than wou'd serve, next Friday, twenty
Cloysters.

Cray-fish, the like ne'er made a Soup at Brown's,
And living Lobsters guarded round with Prawns
But now, pray Ladies, let me see your Modes:
Cadso, I see you've left off high Commodes.
Since I was last Ashore 'tis fifteen Year,
Bless me, what monstrous Petticoats are here!

Mrs. B.

Fid.

Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt*]

Sir B. Ha, ha, ha — What think you of this
Brother *Punkin*?

Punk. It is the comicallest Tragedy I ever saw
in my Life.

Bus. Death and Confusion!

Kim. Am I then your Jest?

Well Sir, I thought I should have been your Guest,

But since I find your Ladies so uncivil,
I wou'd as soon stay Dinner with the Devil,
Away, my *Tritons*, carry back your Charge,
And summon all my People to the Barge.

Bus. Great Nymph, I beg you will excuse this Blunder.

Kim. Revenge it, Sir, I will, as sure as Thunder.
Expect to hear from wrong'd *Cymodice*. [Exit.]

Bus. That furious Frown portends some Woe to me. [Exit.]

Sir B. So, let me see who comes in next -- You must know, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are forc'd to skip a great deal of the Play, for want of their Machines, as they call 'em, and because I wou'd come to the Fighting as soon as possible.

Re-enter Buskin and Mrs. Buskin.

Mrs. B. Lost and undone!

Bus. You Madam, and your Daughters,
Are, I suppose, the Cause of all this Slaughter.
The affronted Sea Nymph has a Monster sent,
To make this Havenock on the Continent.

[Noise of shrieking and roaring.

Mrs

Mrs. B. Hark, how with Cries your Subjects
rend the Welking.

And Scamper just like Mice before *Grimalkin*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Great Sir, *Apollo's Priest*, at your Com-
mand,

In his Pontificals is here at Hand.

For to unfold, unto your Majesty,

Which way you shall Appease *Cymodice*.

Bas. Has the God sent him here, with a Com-
mission?

Let's go, and learn the Subject of his Mission.

For else, Sweetheart, as sure as that's a Steeple,

I shall a Monarch be, without a People.

Pam. This is the Devil of a Dragon, Sir
Barnaby.

Sir B. Ay, Mr. *Pumpkin*, and I have fifty of
his Cousin-Germans quarter'd here in the Neigh-
bourhood --- but let me see, what comes next.

"*Apollo's Priest* having acquainted the King

"that nothing will appease *Neptune's Daughter*

"--- but giving up the young Princess to be

"devoured by the Dragon, she is brought in by

"the four Winds to be ty'd to the Rock.

Come, come, then, bring her in, and let's have
the Battle.

Enter

The STROLLERS 33

Enter Spangle, Buskin, Mrs. Buskin, and Truncheon.

Span. Fie, fie, where's the young Lady -----
this is all wrong, Sir, all wrong ---- I wou'd not
give a Button for all the Performance.

Sir B. Body o' me ----- why Daughter, Daugh-
ter! where can this Huzzy now be gone?

Enter Macahone.

Mac. Arra, by my Shoul, and what is it your
Worship makes such a hubble bubble for, I pray?

Sir B. Why, for my Daughter, you Rogue ---
the Tragedy's quite spoil'd long of her now ----
because she don't come.

Mac. By Shaint Patrick, and the Lady is gone,
and her Lover too Joy ---- I am sure I did let 'em
out out of Doors my nown self.

Sir B. Out of Doors! Marry Heav'n forbid.

Mac. Upon my Shoul now 'tis true, Joy ----
did let 'em out sure enough --- for I thought it
was part of the Play --- and I believe they are
gone to be marry'd too, Joy.

Sir B. Marry'd! What, by Apollo's Priest -----
the Fellow's craz'd o' my Conscience.

Mac. No, by my Shoul Sir, but a good Pro-
fessant Priest that is over the way at Mrs. Kim-

bow's,

Ben's ---- and he is, after speaking a little Conjur-
 tion upon 'em, to make 'em one Bone, Joy.

Sir B. Thieves, Murder! a Trick, a damn'd
 Trick! I am robb'd, bit, bamboozled, and ruin'd ----
 I'll have ev'ry Mother's Son of you hang'd,
 Kings, Princes, and Heroes.

Enter Carbine, and Fidelia.

Car. Well, we have over-reach'd you at last,
Sir ---- come, never look sour, I am as much a-
 bove fearing your Resentment, as I am above
 valuing your Money.

Sir B. Starve and welcome both of you ---- I
 have nothing to say to it, but shall take my Re-
 venge of Mrs. Kimbow, my *Irish* Dog, and those
 Rascals.

Car. But I take 'em under my Protection
 and will bring 'em off harmless in spite of your
 Teeth *Sir*. ----- Come my Angel ---- never hope
 he'll forgive thee, Marble will melt sooner ----
 than the Heart of an Usurer ---- the smallest
 Atom in that heav'nly Form is more to me than
 both *Indies* ----- I ask none of his Dirt.

Fid. Forgiveness, *Sir*, is all I ask ---- and I'll
 be rivetted to this spot of Earth 'till I obtain it ----
 I will, *Sir*, tho' you spurn me away.

The STROLES. 37

Sir B. Nature begins to plead strongly within
 me --- she's the only Child I have left --- then I
 will pardon her --- Come Huzzy, thou'rt an Un-
 dutiful Baggage that's certain, but I can hold out
 no longer --- Captain, your disinterested Love
 for my Daughter has gain'd upon me more than
 I am willing at this time to acknowledge. Change
 your Quarters for this Tenement, and make it
 your home --- I will think of a Portion as I find
 you deserve one --- Come Gentlemen, let's forget
 and forgive, shake Hands, sing old Rose, and be
 merry as Tinkers.

Car. I on my Knees return ten thousand Thanks,

In some fam'd Plays, tho' the Design's forgot,
 Yet here you find the Play it self a Plot.



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